

## Throwing a Bone

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## Throwing a Bone

by [BileBunny](#)

### Summary

Dream adopts an adorable stray puppy.

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

## Dream Adopts a Puppy

George walked nervously through the eerie quiet forest. He had been separated from his two friends, Bad, and Sapnap. They had been out hunting a dangerous felon, nicknamed “Dream.” They were hoping to turn him in and make a stack of cash, but there was a tiny problem with their plan.

The outlaw was extremely smart, strong, and nimble. He was easily able to fight all three of them off, in the process separating George from his friends. George now walked, alone in the forest, waiting for the fugitive to pop out any moment and brutally slaughter him.

Before he could even react, something tightened around George’s neck and pinned him to the ground. He opened his eyes and saw the fugitive holding a control pole. The noose held tight around George’s neck. George struggled for a few moments but eventually went limp on the ground, accepting his fate. All he could do now was beg for his life.

“P-Please don’t kill me. I promise I-I won’t tell anyone. If you l-let me go, I promise you’ll never see me again! I-I’ll never bother you again, just please don’t kill-”

Before he was able to finish his pleading, Dream threw a potion at him, which immediately knocked the smaller male unconscious. Dream relieved pressure on the snare and took it off the boy’s neck. He tenderly pet his soft hair, humming happily to himself.

“Don’t worry, my little puppy. I’ll take good care of you.”

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As soon as George awoke, he knew something was terribly wrong. He was in some kind of living room, chained to the wall. He felt a slight tightness around his arms and legs, he felt slightly cold, and there was a dull pain in his rear. His face flushed a bright red when he realized that he was practically naked. All that he wore were black latex thigh-high heels, latex sleeves, a collar around his neck, and a metal muzzle strapped around his head.

He flinched when he felt a hand pet his hair.

“Awww, is my little puppy finally up from his nappy?” Dream said in a mocking baby voice.

“Let me go, you bastard! T-This isn’t funny!”

Dream giggled at the insult before putting a finger under George’s chin and scratching.

“Coochie coochie coo~” He teased.

George slapped his hand away before realizing what had been done to his own hand. His fingers were tightly bound in horribly restrictive gloves, rendering them completely useless.

“Aww. My puppy’s being a little feisty today.”

George glared at him. If looks could kill, Dream would be six feet under already. Dream’s smile only got wider.

“You’re being awful grumpy today. How about you wag that little tail for me?”

Dream reached behind and pulled something. George felt a slight pressure in his rear. He turned around, and his worst fear was confirmed. He had a sizable buttplug in his ass with a fluffy brown

tail attached to it.

George became even more enraged, he jumped to his feet, about to charge at his captor, but he fell back down almost immediately when he felt a sharp pain on both of his soles.

“AAAHH! W-What the fuck?!”

“Little Georgie, you’re such a silly puppy. Puppies don’t stand on two legs. I knew you would forget that, so I embedded nails on the bottom of those heels to prevent you from standing upright.”

George gasped in horror and disgust. He became enraged and began to yell at the fugitive.

“YOU SICK BASTARD! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN DO THIS TO ME! I’M NOT A FUCKING DOG.” Dream merely shook his head.

“Tsk, ts, ts. Normally I would punish you for that, but I’ll be lenient since it’s your first day and you don’t know any better. Besides, we haven’t even begun your training yet.”

A shiver went up George’s spine when Dream mentioned “training.” He didn’t even want to imagine the humiliation that would entail.

He watched as Dream went to the kitchen. He quickly returned to George, holding a bottle full of milk.

“Maybe you’ll calm down once you eat.” Dream pushed the bottle through the wire muzzle cage and pressed the amber nipple to George’s lips, urging him to suckle.

George’s face flushed even redder as he turned his head away, refusing the bottle. Dream tried again, pushing the bottle in front of his face once more.

“Georgie, please. You need you to eat to grow big and strong.”

Still, George still stubbornly refused to drink, glaring at the bottle.

“How dare he?! How dare he kidnap and humiliate me, and then expect me to drink from a fucking bottle?!” George thought to himself.

Dream sighed, realizing that his puppy wasn’t going to eat, so he went back to the kitchen, and put the bottle away.

“You’ll have to eat eventually you know?”

George decided right then and there that he wasn’t going to eat anything until Bad and Sappnap came to his rescue. Hopefully, they wouldn’t take too long...

Dream walked up to George, giving him a quick peck on the forehead, which made George growl angrily at him.

“Goodnight Georgie. I bought you the best doggie bed I could find, so you should get a good night’s sleep. Maybe if you’re extra good, I’ll even let you sleep in my bed!”

Dream turned off the lights and began to walk towards his bedroom. Before he closed the door, however, he excitedly said “Sleep tight my little puppy! Tomorrow, we’re going to spend the WHOLE day together!”

# Training

## Chapter Summary

Dream learns that working with an untrained puppy can sometimes be difficult!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was now the next day. When George awoke that morning, he felt slight relief, thinking that his recent humiliation was all just a perverted dream. His hope was lost when the dirty blonde male approached his doggie bed, smiling like a kid in a candy store.

“Good morning my puppy~.” He said in a sickly sweet tone. George merely gave him a sleepy moan and turned away.

Dream unhooked the chain from the collar and instead, attached his collar to a blue leash. Dream pulled at the leash, and George reluctantly followed.

“We’re going to start your basic training today, baby.” Dream informed him as they walked to the back door, and into the backyard. The yard had very high fencing surrounding it, so George didn’t even have a chance of somehow crawling away from “master.” Dream unhooked the leash.

“Ok, the first trick we’re going to learn is “sit”. All you have to do is put your cute little tush on the ground when I say “sit”.” Dream paused for a moment before saying “Sit”

George just stared at him, a defiant look on his face.

“Sit.” Dream commanded once more, but George still refused to submit.

A frown spread across Dream’s face as he grew frustrated with his defiant pet’s attitude. He withdrew a large, heavy paddle from his bag. In one quick motion, Dream cracked the paddle hard against George’s ass several times.

“Bad boy!”

George cried out as pain exploded onto his buttocks and on the back of his thighs. What made the spanking worse was the fact that the paddle had holes, making it easier to swing the instrument of torture.

“Sit.” Dream said more sternly this time, swinging one last time to emphasize his point.

George decided to swallow his pride and obey the order. It hurt too much to disobey. Slowly but surely, George lowered his sore and red ass to the ground.

Dream pat him on the head. “Good boy.”

George’s face grew even redder at the deeming compliment.

“Next, we’re going to learn “paw” When I say “paw”, you’re going to put your little pawsie in my

hand.

George rolled his eyes as Dream explained the trick. He wasn't stupid. He knew how to do these things, he didn't need Dream to explain them.

"Paw." Dream said, sticking out his hand.

George hesitated for a moment before putting his gloved hand in Dream's.

Dream was now beaming with excitement, clearly pleased by George's obedience.

Dream made George do all sorts of simple tricks. Roll over, play dead, speak, stuff like that. Sometimes when George refused to perform a trick, he would quickly be cracked on the ass with the paddle.

"The last trick for today is 'kiss'. When I say 'kiss' you crawl over here and give your master a big kiss." Dream said maliciously as he cautiously removed his muzzle.

"No." George said back almost immediately. "I'm not fucking kissing you!"

Dream put his heel on George's back, pushing him flush to the ground.

"I'm getting real sick of this attitude, puppy. Now you either take that back and do as I say or you're getting disciplined again and hard this time! Five...four...three...two.."

George refused to give in. He wasn't going to kiss the man who kidnapped him and has done nothing but degrade him. A little bit of spanking wasn't going to make him submit.

"Go burn in hell!"

"One..."

In one quick, forceful movement, Dream pulled the squirming George onto his lap and began paddling his ass with all his strength. No more than ten spanks in and George's behind was glowing bright red and bruised.

"OW OW OW OOWWWW! Dream, please stop! I'll do it, I'll kiss you! JUST PLEASE STOP!" George screamed, a look of extreme pain and shame on his face.

Eventually, the paddling started to slow and then stopped. George had hot tears running down his red cheeks, and his lip quivered slightly.

"Now, are you going to obey now, Georgie?" Dream asked, setting the paddle down.

"Y-Yes!!!" George replied as he rubbed his behind, trying to relieve some of the pain. Dream pushed him off his lap and stood up again.

"Kiss me." He said sternly.

George didn't have it in him to fight right now. As Dream leaned down, he pushed his lips against his. George kneeled there as stiff as a board as Dream deepened the kiss, as well as groped and kneaded at his aching ass. After about 5 minutes, the kiss was broken. Dream smiled, pet George's hair, and strapped his muzzle back on.

"Good boy, Georgie! You did so well today! You did have a few hiccups, but I believe you still deserve a reward.

Unless the “reward” was his freedom, George didn’t want it. He had never been more humiliated in his life. From being forced to act like a dog, all the verbal teasing, being forced to learn these meaningless and deeming tricks, and being given the spanking of a lifetime, it was all too much.

“Dream, please stop. I-I can’t do this anymore. It’s too much and it’s...embarrassing. I’m sorry I tried to turn you in, just please let me go. I promise I won’t even tell anyone where you live!” George begged pathetically.

Dream chuckled at him before tickling his chin.

“Awww. You’re so cute when you whine.”

God, if George didn’t have that fucking muzzle on he would have mauled the taller male at this point.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm going to hell, aren't I?

# Teething

## Chapter Summary

Dream has to deal with his puppy's teething problem

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream hooked the leash back onto George's collar and led him back inside and to the kitchen. To George's surprise, Dream removed his muzzle, setting it on the counter.

"I think I can trust you without this now." He said as he filled up a large bowl with water, and set it in front of George.

"You must be thirsty, baby."

He was right, George's throat was parched and sore from dehydration, so with little hesitation, he began to drink from the bowl. It was a bit difficult to figure out, but eventually, he learned that the most effective way was to submerge his entire mouth and suck.

George's cheeks glowed pink as he heard Dream's cooing at him from above, calling him a "good boy" and "his adorable puppy." As he finished his water, he heard Dream retrieving something from the fridge. It was that wretched bottle.

"Are you going to eat today, Georgie?" Dream asked in a baby voice.

George scoffed and turned away. Part of his brain argued that he had suffered worse that day and that he should just accept rather than going hungry, but the majority of his brain told him to smack it out of his hands and spit on him. Of course...he wasn't going to do all that, but what he could do was refuse the bottle once more. He wanted to hold on to at least SOME of his dignity.

"Bloody hell if I'm drinking from that." George spat.

Dream sighed sadly once more.

"Fine, but I don't want to hear any whining when you go hungry."

George still had it in his mind that he would eat when he was rescued...if he was rescued.

"Well, I guess it's time to give you your reward for your...partial obedience."

This piqued George's interest slightly, but he couldn't imagine he was going to like the surprise very much. He was proved correct when Dream held out a stuffed sheep toy in front of his face. He squeezed its body a few times, making it squeak loudly before shoving it in George's mouth. George spat the toy out almost immediately and glared at him.

Dream simply picked the toy back up and shoved it into his mouth once more.

"Don't drop this again, sweetie." He said through his teeth, which sent a shiver up George's spine.

George held on tight to the stuffed toy and gave it a few squeaks, hoping to appease Dream. This made Dream smile.

“Good boy! Now you go play with that while I make myself lunch.”

George scrunched his face when Dream gave a playful boop on his nose. Dream turned around and began making himself a sandwich, leaving George to his own devices.

George took the toy back to his admittedly cozy bed. He rolled onto his back and began to rub his knees the best he could with those cumbersome gloves he had on. God did his knees ache! He certainly wasn't used to having to crawl on all fours, especially for so long. The high heels and the nails embedded in them certainly didn't help with his pain.

“God, I'd give one of my kidneys for a decent foot rub right about now!” He thought to himself.

“What are you doing in there, puppy? You're being awfully quiet.”

George bit down on the toy, squeaking it to let him know that he was still “playing” with it. George continued to absent-mindedly chew on the toy. In a weird way, it brought him some kind of comfort, but mostly it was just a distraction from his growing hunger pains.

He closed his eyes, as he tried to get some sort of rest. He barely slept the previous night, and exhaustion was weighing heavy on his eyelids.

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When George awoke, he felt fingers scribbling away at his bare belly. It made him squirm and giggle as he awoke.

“Hehehehehehe...”

“Wakey wakey, sleepyhead!” The owner of the torturous fingers cheered.

George awoke, quickly turning off of his back to protect his ticklish tummy. Dream giggled as he ran his fingers through George's hair, much to his discomfort.

“Sorry, baby. You looked so cute sleeping and I just HAD to give you a belly scratch, and by the looks of that smile, you seemed to love it! Don't worry, I'll make sure you get plenty from now on!”

“God, the humiliation doesn't seem to end with you, does it?” George once again thought to himself.

“You were asleep an awfully long time! It's nearly time for dinner.”

George looked out the window and saw the setting sun. He must have been asleep for at least 4 hours.

“But, I guess that's to be expected. Puppies do need a lot of sleep.”

George tried to ignore him the best he could. Instead, he focused on the pleasant smell wafting through the house. It was the comforting smell of a home-cooked meal.

“You even kept Mr. Sheepy in your mouth the whole time. That's adorable!”

George turned a bright red as he noticed that he still had the sheep toy clamped in his jaw. He immediately dropped it as Dream laughed.



“It's ok, Georgie, I know you love your little lamb, no need to be ashamed of it.”

George buried his face in his hands as though it would take him away from his humiliating situation. He almost believed it until he felt hands grabbing at his backside. Not only did the fondling reignite the fire in his rear, but also the fire in his face and spirit.

“You have such a nice ass~” Dream teased as he continued to grope at the pale flesh.

“It's so round, soft, and perky~”

“S-Shut up!” George yelled back, giving a pathetic attempt to intimate him. This only caused Dream to lightly swat at his ass, making George yelp.

“That’s not how puppies address their Master.” Dream scolded before getting up and heading to the kitchen to tend to dinner.

George gritted his teeth as hot rage flowed through his body. How dare that man touch him and treat him like some wanton whore. He wasn’t going to tolerate this kind of mistreatment. Whatever this man was planning to do to him, he was going to fight him every step of the way if he could.

Although he knew he was bound to be punished for this, George crawled up behind Dream and bit his calf as hard as he could. Dream cried out in pain and surprise before roughly kicking George in the face, knocking him off and onto his back. George felt proud of himself but it didn’t last long.

Dream grabbed him by the collar and pulled him so close that their noses were nearly touching. George could feel his hot breath on his face.

“That was real ballsy of you. Now, I should spank you until you pass out, but I’m a reasonable man, so I’ll give you a choice since this is partially my fault. I shouldn't have taken off your muzzle so soon.

“Reasonable my ass.” George said back, but Dream ignored him.

“Now, I can either spank you until your ass is purple and bleeding OR you can lick and worship my boots while I eat dinner.”

George groaned as he pondered his options. Yes, licking Dream’s boots would be absolutely deeming, but on the other hand, he wanted to be able to sit down for the next few months.

“Fine, I’ll lick your fucking boots!”

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George was beginning to wish that he chose the spanking. It couldn't be much worse than this. He was currently licking and appearing to worship Dream’s heavy black boots, leaving behind a trail of shiny spit every time he gave them a lick. George felt a weight on his back as Dream rested his right boot on his back, while he continued to worship the left one.

Above, Dream happily ate his dinner of pork chops and cooked carrots, while occasionally glancing down at George, giving him a smug smirk. George looked up at him. He looked as if he were trying to make the dirty blond burst into flames with his eyes.

“Ok, ok, that's enough.” Dream said as he finished his meal.

George sighed in relief, and put his tongue back in his mouth, thankful for his degradation to be

over...for now at least.

“Now say “Thank you, Master.” Dream ordered.

“Thank you, Master.” George said, albeit his voice dripping with sarcasm.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm having way too much fun writing this...

# Belly Scratches

## Chapter Summary

Dream gives his puppy plenty of belly scratchies!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream was conflicted. He was of course becoming increasingly frustrated by George's disobedience and sassiness, but on the other hand, he absolutely loved it. He loved seeing his puppy's face flush with embarrassment as he made him doing deeming tasks. He loved the defiant stares George gave him with those fiery eyes.

Dream had expected George to be sheepish and easy to train but instead, he was a rebellious fighter who dragged his feet every step of the training process. Clearly, the proud hunter wasn't going to be easily broken.

That excited Dream more than he'd care to admit.

George was currently lying across Dream's lap. He was restrained of course. Shackles bound his hands and ankles tightly together. He had also been very vocal with his protests; Cursing, hollering, and insulting Dream as he restrained him. Normally Dream enjoyed his puppy's cute little yips and whines, but in this case, he wanted some peace and quiet to enjoy his book.

It took a few minutes to properly secure, but soon enough, Dream had George quieted with a silicone bone gag.

Dream was currently running his fingers through George's hair, which made George calm down ever so slightly. He still let out the occasional whine and groans, but he was a lot quieter than before.

Dream's fingers drifted down to George's body, fingernails lightly teasing the flesh. George jumped and breathed in sharply through his nose. Dream smiled as he lightly stroked his fingernails up and down George's belly. He could see George smiling through the gag, trying desperately to stifle his laughter.

"Aww! Does the puppy like having his belly scratched~?" Dream asked teasingly.

"Mmmf owfff!!" Even with the gag on, Dream knew that George had just told him to fuck off.

Dream dug his fingernails into George's sensitive flesh and began scribbling them up and down his belly rapidly. He instantly broke out into hysterical laughter and violently thrashed around. The gag did stifle his laughter slightly, but they were still very audible.

Dream put down his book and added five more digits to George's tickle torture. George's reaction was explosive. He threw his head back and practically screamed with high pitched laughter.

“HAHAHAHAHAH!!! STOFFFFF!!!” PFEEASSSE!!!”

“Coochie, coochie, coo~” Dream maliciously teased as he continued to torture George.

After about 10 minutes of nonstop tickle torture, Dream began to slow his attack when he noticed that his puppy was beginning to cough and wheeze. Even after he stopped, George still let out the occasional giggle as he came down from his ticklish high. His face was beet red and there was drool dripping out of the side of his mouth.

Dream admired the mess he made out of his beloved puppy. He leaned down and gave him a big kiss on the cheek. George was too tired to even try and fight back.

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry about the short chapter, but I promise the next one will be longer and juicier. :)

# Heat

## Chapter Summary

Dream grows closer to his puppy.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George whimpered as he watched Dream eat his breakfast of scrambled eggs and bacon. He was so hungry. He hadn't eaten anything in over 3 days, and it was starting to get to him. His empty stomach cried out for nourishment constantly, and he was nearly crippled by the ravening hunger pains. He wasn't going to be able to bear it much longer. He had virtually no energy from malnutrition and simply laid motionless in his doggie bed. He opened his eyes slightly when he heard Dream get up from the table.

"Do you want some food, Georgie?" He asked sweetly.

George blinked at him.

"Come on, Georgie. You haven't eaten in days. I know you must be hungry."

George looked down and thought for a moment

"You're going to need your energy if you're going to escape." He thought to himself.

With that, George crawled out of his doggie bed and into the kitchen, keeping his eyes on the ground. When he got to the kitchen, he looked up and noticed Dream holding a dog bowl.

"Sit." He commanded, to which George obliged. He didn't even care about being rebellious right now. He just wanted to eat. He would worry about pissing Dream off later.

"Good boy." Dream said before placing the bowl in front of him.

George made a face when he saw what was in the bowl. It was a large bowl of kibble.

"Because what else would it be?" George thought to himself.

Still, he needed at least something in his stomach, so he closed his eyes and began to chow down. The food wasn't bad, but that was mostly because it tasted like nothing at all.

"Good boy, Georgie. I'm so happy that you're eating now. If you finish it all, I'll give you a treat!"

"Oh, woopie-fucking-doo!" George said sarcastically as he swallowed another mouthful of kibble.

When the bowl mercifully emptied, George sighed in relief. While the meal didn't taste that great, it had at least been filling.

"That's a very good boy. Now you go wait in the living room while I get your reward ready." Dream said as he pet George's hair.

George rolled his eyes as he crawled to the living room and sat down on the carpet. It wasn't long before Dream walked into the living room, holding that fucking bottle...

He sat down on the carpet next to George.

"Ugh, why do you want me to drink from that bottle so fucking bad!?"

"Oh, you're such a silly puppy, Georgie. You need to drink your milky to grow big strong. Now come and sit."

Dream said as he patted his leg. George looked at him in disgust.

"Oh, you're not serious."

"Oh come on! Don't you want your Master to feed you your baba?"

"I'd rather be put to sleep."

Dream was beginning to grow impatient with his puppy.

"Well, you can either drink your bottle or I could give you more belly scratchies."

George sighed before he slowly crawled over and settled in Dream's lap. He wasn't ready for another belly scratching session just yet.

Dream cradled George's head in his arms, lovingly stroking his hair as he pressed the amber nipped against his lips. George slammed his eyes shut as he allowed the bottle in and began to suckle. Dream relished at the moment as he watched George's face turn to a light shade of pink.

As much as he didn't want to admit it, the bottle feeding was actually pretty enjoyable. The milk was sweet, silky, and actually had flavor. Suckling was also weirdly comforting and natural. The stroking of his hair was pretty relaxing as well. He began to drift off and instinctively cuddled deeper into the warm chest of his captor.

Dream smiled at this as he leaned down and kissed George's forehead lovingly.

Eventually, the well ran dry, and Dream plucked the bottle from George's mouth. George flushed an even brighter red as he realized what he had been doing. Dream booped his nose.

"Such a good eater."

George cringed at the complement.

Dream snuggled George even closer, cradling him like a newborn. George began to squirm again. Dream's hand drifted to his rear and he lightly tugged at the furry buttplug. This made George freeze and bite his lip.

Dream laughed before whispering into George's ear.

"We're going to continue your training later."

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George groaned in frustration. To his horror, he had become horny and aching for release. He sported a hot, angry erection. Those stupid gloves made it impossible for him to jack off. Being practically naked also meant that he couldn't even hide the erection.

George nearly cried when Dream noticed the boy's predicament and started teasing him.

"Awww. What's the matter, my puppy?"

"S-Shut the fuck up! You spiked that milk with fucking viagra didn't you?!"

He knew it. That was why he wanted him to drink from that damned bottle so bad!

Dream began caress George's ass, which made him let out a very quiet moan.

"You're like a bitch in heat." He commented.

"I bet you wish you had a nice big stud to help relieve you~"

"I'm going to fucking kill you one of these days." George growled.

"Fine, I guess you don't want me to help you..."

Dream began to walk away until he heard George shout.

"NO! Help me. Don't you dare leave me like this!"

Dream smiled as he approached his frustrated puppy.

"Beg for it like a good doggie."

"P-Please..." George said quietly, almost a whisper.

"Hmm? Please what? Be specific."

George swallowed heavily before he uttered the next shameful words.

"P-Please...F-Fuck me."

"That's all you had to say."

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George wanted to yell out in frustration. Dream wasn't fucking him, but was giving him a crash course on "mating etiquette" or some bullshit. He was currently teaching him how to "properly entice a mate."

"Now lay your chest and arms flat on the ground, but keep your knees and ass propped up. Yeah just like that. You want to look enthusiastic for your stud."

"Just get it over with already!" George finally yelled out, blushing as Dream ogled at his most intimate parts. George flinched when he felt Dream rip out the furry buttplug.

"Gladly." Dream lustfully said as he mounted George, slowly sliding his lube coated member into his needed hole.

George's face twisted in pain as he adjusted to the length. When he was finally relaxed, he grew frustrated with Dream's lack of thrusting.

"M-Move you fucking asshole!"

"Bark for me first."

“What?!”

Dream roughly pulled at George’s hair.

“OK OK! I’LL DO IT!”

Dream grip on his hair went lax as he waited for George to let out cute little woofs. George hesitated for a moment before he did it.

“Woof! Woof, woof! There are you happy no-OOOWWW?!”

Dream began thrusting in and out rapidly, slamming against George’s prostate with each thrust, making him moan out in intense pleasure. They were both quickly nearing their orgasms.

With a few more thrusts, Dream filled George up with his seed. As he rode out his orgasm, Dream roughly smack George’s ass. Making him cry out.

George wasn’t too far behind, cumming with a huge paralyzing orgasm. As George was lost in his orgasm high, Dream nibbled at his neck and stroked his chest.

“That’s a good, puppy...”

## Chapter End Notes

Here we are, boys. We finally got to the icky sticky. The only problem is that I don't really know where to go from here, so once again, I'm going to ask you guys to drop some ideas.



# Tubby Time

## Chapter Summary

Dream gives his stinky puppy a bath!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George squirmed in discomfort as he half-listened to Dream teaching him his new stupid tricks. He was teaching him tricks like “sit pretty”, “dance”, and “bang, you’re dead.” While being forced to do dog tricks was miserable, it was all amplified by the mess left in his rear.

Dream didn’t even bother to clean him after sex. He just shoved the buttplug back in his ass, holding the creampie mess inside of him. While it was by no means painful, it was uncomfortable and humiliating having the mess of his captor stuck deep inside him.

“Ok, George last trick for today is ‘stay’. Pretty self-explanatory, isn’t it?”

George nodded his head, annoyed, but glad that this was the final trick for today. George’s mouth fell open when Dream unlocked the front door and swung it open, and George could feel the cool breeze on his face. There it was. Outside. Freedom. An escape from this hell hole. It was all right in front of him, merely feet away.

“Stay.”

Although freedom seemed so close, it was still so far. Yes, he could crawl out the door, but then what? Did he really think he would be able to escape the nimble fugitive while stuck on his hands and knees? Of course, not. Dream would easily be able to snatch him right back and would likely give him a harsh punishment.

So he stayed...

“Good job, Georgie!” Dream cheered as he closed the door.

“See? You can be a good boy if you want to!”

George hung his head. Dream wasn’t just physically torturing him, but mentally. He treated the mere thought of George reclaiming his freedom as a joke. He decided to dangle it in front of his nose before cruelly pulling it away.

“You deserve another reward, now roll over.”

George was confused but obliged. When he was lying on his back, Dream unbuckled his pants, revealing his hardened length. He once again pulled out the buttplug, causing the mess from a few hours ago to drip out of George’s hole.

Dream threw George’s legs over his shoulders to give him easier access. He noticed George’s quivering lips and began to caress his face lovingly.

“Sssh. Its ok baby, I’ll be gentle this time.” Dream said before slowly burying his cock into George’s ass. George slammed his eyes shut as he desperately searched for something to cling to. He eventually grabbed onto Dream’s strong shoulders.

The speed of Dream’s thrusts slowly increased, slamming harder into George’s prostate. Although he bit his lip to try and hide them, soft moans came out of George’s mouth, exciting Dream all the more. Dream pinned George’s wrists roughly to the ground before slamming into him, filling him up once again with his jizz.

George’s eyes rolled into the back of his head as he was simultaneously filled to the brim and brought to orgasm. He was shaking with pleasure as Dream nipped at his neck, whispering dirty words to him.

“See? You try and pretend like you’re this big strong hunter when in actuality, you’re nothing but a cock hungry whore.”

George glared at him with his still fiery eyes as Dream verbally degraded him.

Dream eventually pulled out and got off of George. As he pulled up his trousers, he looked down at his ravaged puppy. He crinkled his nose as he noticed George’s smell. He smelt of sweat and sex. It was probably also about time to clean George’s feet and arms, as they had been bound in latex for days now.

“Oh aren’t you a stinky puppy?” Dream teased as he picked George up bridal style and carried him to the bathroom.

“And whose fault is that?” George finally snapped back as he was carried away.

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As the bathtub filled with warm water, Dream began removing George’s latex thigh-high heels and sleeves. George sighed in relief as they were peeled off. The latex was not breathable at all, so it was nice to feel the cool air on those parts of his body again.

He let out a hiss of pain as he stretched out previously bound feet and fingers. His knees, feet, and fingers were weak and beginning to atrophy from lack of use.

When the bathtub finished filling, Dream turned off the water before lowering George in.

George sighed in relaxation as he sat in the hot bathwater. His relaxation was broken when he felt Dream grab his wrists and handcuff them together with vinyl handcuffs attached together with a stainless steel chain. George began to kick and squirm, splashing some of the water out of the tub.

“Oh relax, Georgie. I just want to make sure you don’t fight me while your cute little paws are free.” Dream casually replied.

“B-But how am I suppose to clean myself?”

“I will!” Dream happily said, holding a rag and body brush

“NO!” George yelled before beginning to struggle again, slashing out even more of the water.

“Now Georgie, don’t be fussy. I have no problem getting out the paddle and tanning your hide.”

This made George stop struggling, as he did not want to be spanked again. Besides, he needed to get clean, even if it was embarrassing to have Dream do it.

Having his hair lathered and scrubbed with shampoo and conditioner was relaxing and refreshing. George's hair was beginning to become itchy, oily, and tangled after days of it not being cared for. Dream was seemingly enjoying too.

"Such soft beautiful hair. I'll have to make sure to groom it every day." Dream said as he used the soapy rag to clean George's face, ears, and neck.

Dream then got out the brush and began to scrub George's feet. George began to giggle, the brush ticklish against his feet. This only prompted Dream to scrub harder, making George squirm slightly as his giggles grew louder. The giggling continued as Dream scrubbed the rest of his body.

"Aren't you awfully ticklish?"

"Shahaut uhahaup" George whined, his face bright red from embarrassment.

He suddenly shivered when he felt the brush creep around his nether regions, cleaning the dried come and sweat off of them.

Dream hummed, an ear-splitting grin on his face.

"I truly have the perfect puppy." he suddenly said.

"All of this beautiful hair." Dream ran his fingers through his wet hair, sniffing the pleasant smelling hair.

"Nice shapely feet." Dream ran a finger up George's right sole.

"Not to mention this gorgeous, perky body." Dream's fingers ventured along George's body, Starting at his nipples and tracing down to his nether regions.

George squirmed uncomfortably as Dream poked, prodded, and groped at his most intimate and private spots.

Dream gave George a wet kiss on the cheek.

"Ok, I think you're all clean now."

"Sapnap, Bad....you guys better find me soon...I don't know how much more I can take.." George thought to himself as a seemingly permanent blush dominated his face.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you guys for all your support and fantastic ideas! Keep em coming!

## Introduction to the Show.

### Chapter Summary

Dream pampers his puppy!

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George dreaded having to put on the latex “clothes”, especially the horribly uncomfortable heels with the embedded nails. A huge weight lifted off his chest when Dream informed him that he would not have to wear them, for now at least.

“I think it would be better to put you in something more casual. As much as I love you in latex, it's pretty high maintenance, and I doubt it's the most comfortable thing to wear.” Dream said as he rummaged through a dresser in his bedroom.

George wasn't really listening as he completely nude knelt on the bedroom floor, shivering slightly as he was still damp from the bath. His eyes looked around Dream's impressively large bedroom, his eyes mostly drawn to the extravagant king size bed complete with a large heather grey duvet. He was secretly envious of Dream's bed, as his doggie bed from a far cry from it. He longed for the comfort of a real bed.

His train of thought was interrupted when Dream hoisted him up onto the edge of the bed. His face twisted in pain when he felt Dream maneuver his horribly sore knee. He slammed his eyes shut and grit his teeth. He felt thick fabric snake up his leg, ending at his thigh. The same was done with the other leg.

When he opened his eyes, he saw that he had on two navy blue stockings.

“At least they're comfortable.” George rationalized in his head.

He then felt Dream unlock the handcuffs and slide a matching navy blue arm sleeve up both of his arms. Dream then fastened leather padded mittens to each of his hands, but unlike the latex gloves, he could actually move his fingers while they were inside. He blushed slightly when he noticed that the mittens were shaped like dog paws. His hands were once again rendered useless.

“Maybe I'll put your latex stuff back on when you're ready for the dog show.” Dream said.

George thought for sure that he was joking, but with Dream, it was hard to tell.

Dream suddenly laid down in the bed, pulling George close to him and closing his eyes. George predictably started to squirm in his grasp, but Dream kept him locked in a firm bear hug. He only opened his eyes when he heard George's whimpers and groans of pain.

“What's the matter, Pup?”

“Mmm...my ahh...feet are cramping up. It hURTS!” George complained, writhing in pain.

“Awww, my poor baby. Let me help.” Dream said as he crawled over to the edge of the bed, lying

on his belly as he took George's aching foot in his hands.

Dream pressed his thumbs into George's tense and aching heel, rubbing in slow soothing circles. Although George's feet were not bound in any way, and he had the perfect opportunity to kick Dream in the jaw, he found himself unwilling to do so. The foot rub felt too good.

George let out a soft, pleasurable moan as Dream worked out a particularly tense muscle around the ball of his foot. Dream balled his hand into a fist and gently pressed and rolled it into the arch of George's foot, his knuckles giving him an even deeper massage.

George laid his head back, closing his eyes as he fell into a trance of deep relaxation.

"Oh, isn't this the life, my pet?" Dream suddenly asked.

"This could be every day if you'd just behave, you know? You could be loved, spoiled, and pampered every day. All you have to do is submit to me as your master."

George thought about this. Dream was right, submission would be much easier and arguably more rewarding. Still, George's rebellious spirit still burned brightly. He was unwilling to give up any of his remaining pride and freedom.

This gave George an idea.

He would never truly submit, but what he could do was pretend. He could put on a show, make Dream lower his guard, and when the moment was right, he could escape. Yes, it was a longshot, but it was better than waiting and relying on the chance that his friends would find him, as the hope of that happening was getting thinner by the day.

The words George said next would be the opening lines to the "Show".

"I-I submit to you as my Master..."

Dream was a bit taken aback by George's sudden declaration of submission. He froze for a second, processing what George had just said. A smile slowly spread across Dream's face as he thought that he had finally broken George's fiery spirit.

Dream began to kiss George's toes, and as much as George's wanted to kick him right in the jaw, he knew he couldn't. He had to start pretending he was Dream's obedient little puppy, groveling at his feet. He would obey Dream's every command, no matter how degrading. Yes, it would be absolutely humiliating, but it was a small price to pay for the possibility of freedom.

## Chapter End Notes

I apologize for the short and perhaps disappointing chapter but trust me, this will be leading to something much bigger.

# Lickies

## Chapter Summary

Dream's puppy loves peanut butter!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“This is going to be harder than I thought...” George thought to himself as Dream used his fingers to pry open George’s mouth.

They were both still on Dream’s bed. Dream had permitted George to sleep in his bed as a reward for his submission. While sleeping in the same bed as Dream sucked, it was nice to be able to sleep in a real bed again.

Dream currently inspecting George’s teeth and mouth for some odd reason. He especially found it strange when Dream started to stroke his bottom teeth with his index finger and admiring them.

“Nice pearly white teeth, healthy pink tongue, nice plump lips...”

George gagged when he felt Dream’s finger prod the back of his throat.

“Eh, we’ll work on that...”

George grew more confused by the second. Why was Dream so worried about his oral health?

“Other than that, you have a perfect cock sucking mouth.”

It was difficult to twist his face into anything but a look of disgust, but he managed to put a sheepish smile on his face.

“Oh, Master I can’t wait!” George said with fake excitement, as if he could be excited about sucking his kidnapper’s cock. But that didn’t matter, what mattered was that Dream was buying into it.

Dream pet George on the head before reaching into the nightstand.

“I know you’re excited, puppy, but I know something that will make it even better.” He said as he revealed the object.

George almost threw up when he saw that it was a jar of peanut butter.

“I know how much puppies love peanut butter.” Dream said as he got out a spoon and slathered peanut butter on his cock.

George never felt more disgusted in his life. Although he was absolutely repulsed he still managed to keep up the slutty persona and shook his hips to make his tail wag.

“Oh yes, Master~”

Every time George uttered the word, “Master” , it burned his insides. It hurt to call Dream anything

but a sick, perverted bastard, or something along those lines.

“Get to sucking baby, and I better not feel any of those little teeth.” Dream said, pinching George’s cheek. It was sweet, yet threatening.

Although it repulsed him beyond belief, George slowly but surely wrapped his lips around Dream’s peanut butter slathered cock. He swirled his tongue around the tip before burying it even deeper. When it reached the back of this throat, George paused before taking a few deep breaths, trying to adjust to the intrusion.

When he had adjusted the best he could, he began to bob his head up and down, using his tongue to clean the peanut butter from Dream’s hot member. George let out an occasional gag as the cock rammed into the back of his throat.

As George sucked him off, Dream pulled at his hair, moaning with pleasure.

“Oooh yes! That’s a good AHHH~...Puppy! You’re such a good cocksucker! Such a good little whore!”

George had to physically bite the urge to bite down as hard as he could, as Dream continued to humiliate and degrade him. That wasn’t an option though. He had to make Dream believe that he was his dumb, submissive puppy whore. He continued the blowjob, letting out fake whorish moans as he did the deed.

Dream’s eyes back and he slammed his head back as he neared his orgasm. George dreaded what was about to come. He did not want to swallow Dream’s cum. He wanted to spit it out and throw up, but he knew that wasn’t an option.

As Dream came, he tangled his fingers in George’s hair and pulled, forcing his cock to the back of George’s throat as he came.

“Swallow, whore.”

It took all of his willpower to, but eventually, George managed to swallow all of Dream’s salty cum. When Dream let him go, George’s red and glossy lips popped off his cock with a small popping noise. Dream’s cock was completely clean of the peanut butter. George let out a few coughs before smiling up at his “Master.”

“How’d I do, Master?”

“Your gag reflex acted up a few times, but besides that it was great! You really are a natural-born cocksucker my puppy.”

“Oh, why thank you, Master.”

Dream smiled before pulling George on top of him.

“I’m so proud of you, puppy. You’ve improved so much and in less than a day!”

“I guess I just realized how much I actually enjoyed it.” George lied with a fake smile.

---

At dinner Dream gave George his bowl of kibble while he ate his dinner of Steak and potatoes.

Dream let George eat some of his steak out of his hand and even tossed him one of his baked potatoes. George thoroughly enjoyed this as it was nice to eat something besides bland kibble and drugged milk.

After dinner, George sat in his dog bed, apparently happily chewing at his lamb toy while Dream watched TV.

As he chewed on the stuffed animal and Dream was distracted, he darted his eyes around the living room. Behind the couch was a large window.

“It’ll be getting hot soon, so he’ll probably start opening the windows at night.” George thought as he conquered up his plan of escape.

It was about 10:00 when Dream headed up to bed, leaving George alone in the dark living room. George waited for about an hour when he knew Dream was asleep.

George laid on his back and placed his feet on the wall in front of him and started doing wall bridges as quietly as he could. If he was going to escape, one of the first things he had to do was rebuild the strength in his knees and legs.

Throughout the night, he did several leg exercises, hoping to rebuild his lost leg strength. They were difficult and painful, but George was determined to get through them. He would do this all night, every single night if he had to.

The weakness and atrophy would be difficult to reverse, and unfortunately, it would be a while before George was able to properly walk again. Still, a while was better than never.

In his head, George fantasized about what he would do when he finally escaped, for it kept him determined. He nearly shed a tear when he thought about seeing Bad and Sappnap again... He missed his beloved friends so much and he couldn’t wait to see them again.

It was heart aching to imagine the grief and pain they were going through right now; Having one of their friends all of a sudden disappear and possibly even presumed dead...

George tried to not think about that and prayed that his friends did not abandon the hope that he was still alive.

By day, George was Dream’s obedient slut puppy, but by night, he was a fiery rebellious spirit fighting for an escape from his captivity.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry...That's all I have to say...



# Playdate

## Chapter Summary

Dream brings over a playmate for his puppy!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Hey, Georgie?”

George lifted his head from Dream’s lap and looked up at him.

“Do you ever feel lonely?” Dream asked, an unusual hint of concern in his voice.

That was a stupid question. Of course, he felt lonely. He had been taken away from his friends, his home, everything he knew to be reduced to a mutt. The only things he had to keep his company was Dream and the warm memories of his dear friends. Oh and I guess Mr. Sheepy was somewhat pleasant, although he had an annoyingly squeaky voice.

“Yeah, sometimes...” George simply replied.

“Well, one of my friends adopted a puppy a little while ago, and I think it would be good for you to meet them.”

It made George sick to his stomach knowing that there were other people suffering the same fate he was, but at the same time, he was excited to meet another “puppy” At the very least, he wouldn’t be alone anymore.

“I would like that very much, Master” George said, truthfully

Dream smiled before kissing him on the cheek.

“Ok, I’ll tell them to come over in a few hours.”

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When the doorbell finally rang, George’s heart pinged with excitement and slight fear. It was nerve-racking to have to see another human being in the same situation he was but at the same time, he just wanted a friend.

Dream rushed to the door, unlocking it.

As the door swung open, George’s heart fell into the deepest pit of his stomach.

There, in the doorway was his dear friend, Bad almost completely naked save for the leather gloves, red collar, and matching leash. He was on all fours, knee braces forcing his legs in a bent position. He could also see that the demon's wings had been bound together with leather straps. Worst of all, the demon had a broken and haunted expression on his dark face. A man with brown, fluffy hair and a blue hoodie was holding his leash. He didn’t even know the man, but he already

despised him.

It filled George with immense sorrow, but mostly pure, hot rage seeing Bad like this. How could they? How could those monsters take such an innocent, sweet, and loving demon, and reduce to a broken, pitiful slave?

Still, as difficult as it was, George had to contain his rage, for now at least. For now, George put a huge fake smile on his face and crawled over to Bad as they entered the house, licking his face. Bad's eyes shot open in surprise when recognized the other "puppy."

"G-George? Is that you?" Bad quietly asked.

George covered his sobs with fake pants of excitement

"God damn it, Skeppy I told you not to buy that one." Dream said as he got a good look at Bad.

"Sorry, I couldn't resist, he was just SOOO cute and different! Look at his little horns!"

"You know how demons are. They're hard to train, strong-willed, and not to mention their fucking teeth. I'm surprised he hasn't bitten off one of your fingers yet."

"Oh, I don't have to worry about that" Skeppy said as pulled at Bad's lips, revealing his sharp teeth.

"He wouldn't dare bite me. I told him that if ever bit me, I would yank out every single one of those teeth. I even keep the pilers on the counter to remind him every day what will happen if he decides to nip at me."

"Hmm, that's smart." Dream commented, impressed by Skeppy's taming method

George on the other hand was absolutely disgusted and horrified by the man's actions. He needed to get away, he couldn't stand to be in his presence any longer.

"Master, can we go play in the backyard?" George asked in an artificially happy voice.

"Oh of course you can! We'll be in here if you need us." Dream replied happily, petting George's hair as he did.

George smiled before grabbing Mr. Sheepy and motioning for Bad to follow him through the doggie door leading to the back yard. Once he was sure that they were alone, George spat out the toy, and tightly embraced Bad. Bad immediately hugged back and began to quietly sob into his shoulder.

"It's ok, Bad. I'm right here..." George said, trying to hold back his own tears. He needed to be strong for his friend.

"I-I m-missed you s-so much! I-I thought that that outlaw killed you!"

"Bad...if you don't mind me asking...what happened to do you?"

Bad took in a sharp, shaky breath before answering.

"I-It was horrible! T-These masked people kidnapped me from my home while I was sleeping and took me to some creepy underground dungeon! They disabled my magic, docked my t-tail, v-violated me, and beat me when I wasn't good enough!"

George stroked Bad's hair, trying to comfort his traumatized friend the best he could.

Hearing what those vile people had done to Bad, only fueled George's anger and hunger for revenge. They may have turned him and Bad into mutts, but those slave traders were the real animals.

"After a few days down there, Skeppy showed up and took me home. I mean... he's not as cruel as the people who took me, b-but he still makes me do embarrassing things!"

As painful as it was for George to listen to Bad's story, it seemed to pain Bad even more to tell it.

"It's ok, Bad. You don't have to tell me anything else if you don't want to." George said sympathetically.

"Do you know where Sappap is?" George asked.

Bad sighed before replying sadly.

"I'm sorry, I don't...but the last time I saw him, he said he was going to Tundra."

"Why would he go there?"

"He was going there to look for you." Bad said, his voice filled with sadness. Clearly, he missed Sappap as well.

"Don't worry, I'm gonna get us out of this. I have a plan."

Bad looked at George's curiously as the last of his tears flowed down his dark face.

"Dream thinks that he broke me and that I'm his submissive little puppy..."

George nearly gagged as the mere thought of submitting to Dream's mercy made him queasy.

"but in reality, I'm just putting on a show for that perverted asshole. He's so stupid that he's already begun to lower his guard, and when I regain the strength in my legs, I'm running at the first opportunity. Then, I'm going to save you."

This seemed to lift Bad's spirit, his previously sad and broken pale eyes began to shine as the seemingly lost hope was reignited within him.

## Chapter End Notes

Here it is! The heavily requested playdate chapter!

Now, this story may become slightly darker than it already is (Nothing too intense, but still...) but don't worry, there will still be plenty of erotic moments.

Anyway, as I've said many times, suggestions for the content of future chapters are still very much welcomed and appreciated.

# The Bounty

## Chapter Summary

Dream talks to other puppy parents!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Although it was admittedly awkward to wrestle with Bad while they had their...questionable attire on and were basically nude, it was somewhat reminiscent of old times. Back when they were free...It was already beginning to seem like a long time ago. Growing up together, they had plenty of sparring and playful wrestling matches.

They were both keeping up the appearance that they were two dumb puppy sluts playing with each other, while their masters chatted. While the two wrestled, George eavesdropped on their conversation.

"I figured that I go back out in a few weeks. I got a huge wad of cash from the last batch, but you know it won't last forever." Dream said nonchalantly.

"Eh, I don't know how you do it. Tried to catch one nomad to sell years back, but she beat me to a pulp and got away. Since then, I've just stuck to handling the already detained ones 'cause I can't deal with the wild ones."

George was confused about what the hell they were talking about. "Detained ones?" "Wild ones?" It sounded as if they were talking about animals. They couldn't be talking about human beings...could they?

"Yeah, it's a lot harder than most think, hell it took me years to be able to perfect my own technique." Dream explained to Skeppy while he listened intently.

"Any advice?" Skeppy asked.

"The best advice I can give is to snatch up the ones with little status or importance, like nomads or homeless ones. The second is to make sure that there ain't going to be a lot of people looking for them. The best advice I have is to make sure you take em' by surprise."

George thought back to his capture when Dream popped out of nowhere and took him by....

His face froze in horror as he finally put the pieces to the demented puzzle together. George wasn't the first to be captured by Dream, not even close.

Before, George didn't realize why Dream had such a large bounty on his head, but now he understood

Dream was a slave trader and a reputable one at that.

"That's how I got that little cutie."

It took all of George's concentration to make it look like he wasn't hearing a damn word Dream was saying.

"When I get free, I will lock him in a kennel two times too small, feed him the worst kibble I can find, and make him do the most humiliating of tasks." George thought to himself.

Dream deserved that and so much more. Not only had he put George through hell, but had damned so many others to it as well.

"George, you're hurting my arm." Bad whispered from underneath him.

George had been so caught up in his revenge fantasy, that he didn't realize that he was pinning Bad's wrists a little too hard.

"Sorry." He mouthed back before letting Bad back up.

Alright, Bad, I think it's about time we head home." Skeppy said.

Bad looked to George, giving him a look of desperation and sadness. He didn't want to be away from his friend again. George gave him a smile and wink of reassurance.

"Aww, don't look so sad, cutie. We can come to see Georgie again one day. Maybe we'll even let you two have even more fun next time."

"There won't be a next time. We'll be free men by then." George thought snarkily as the two walked out the door.

-----

That night, George exercised his legs harder than he ever did before. It hurt like hell, but the thought of not only freeing himself but his friend, helped him work through the pain.

He froze in fear as he heard Dream's large wooden bed loudly creak.

## Chapter End Notes

Once again, I'm sorry for the extremely short/disappointing chapter.

# Closing Act

## Chapter Summary

Dream comforts his puppy after a nightmare!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George remained completely still, listening for any further sounds. He silently prayed that he hadn't awoken his captor. Perhaps he had merely shifted in bed in an attempt to get comfortable.

George broke out into a cold sweat when he heard the sound of soft footsteps on the creaky floorboard. George's eyes shrank pinpricks when he heard Dream's bedroom door swing open.

"No. No. NO!" George screamed in his head. It couldn't end like this! Not when he felt so close to being able to walk again. He needed to think fast, or all of his work and humiliation of pretending to be a submissive floozy would be for nothing. If Dream found out what he was doing, he would probably put those tortuous spiked heels back on him or worse...

It was then that an idea popped into George's mind. The scheme may have been flimsy, but it was all he could think of in the span of about 5 seconds.

"Georgie, are you alright. You've been making an awful lot of noise out here."

George nearly let out a scream when he heard Dream's voice.

"Uh..um.." He stuttered out.

"You're drenched in sweat, are you feeling ok?" Dream asked before putting his hand on George's forehead, checking for a fever.

"N-No...I just had a n-nightmare..."

"Hmm. It sounded like you were kicking at the walls. Must have been a pretty bad nightmare, honey." Dream said concerned.

"Yeah...it was. I'm sorry I woke you up..."

George gasped as Dream suddenly picked him up, nuzzling his nose into his neck affectionately.

"My poor baby!" Dream cooed as he bounced him up and down like an infant.

George blushed at Dream's coddling but instinctively wrapped his hands around his neck. George was confused when he felt Dream walking.

"Where are we going?"

"I figured you'd want to sleep in my bed tonight."

"Oh, no I don't want to be a bother."

“Nonsense! Besides, my bed’s been feeling a bit too large lately.” Dream dismissed as they reached the bedroom.

Dream gently placed George down on his large bed before crawling in beside him.

Out the corner of George’s, he could see something small, yet crucial.

Dream’s bedroom window was open.

There it was, the opportunity George was waiting for. The only problem was that he didn’t know if his legs were strong enough to carry him just yet. That thought was left in the back of his mind by the sheer excitement he felt.

He needed to get the tall man distracted somehow, and he knew just the way to do it.

George rolled over and kissed Dream passionately on the mouth. Dream flinched, caught off guard by George’s sudden act of affection, but quickly melted into it. He moaned when felt George reach down into his flannel pajama pants and begin to slowly stroke his member.

As the kiss was broken, Dream completely pulled his pajama pants off, carelessly tossing them on the carpeted floor. He reached up at the shelf above the bed, grabbing a small bottle of lube, smearing a generous amount on his member. He reached behind George and pulled out the fuzzy butt plug, making the puppified boy cringe slightly.

Meanwhile, George straddled Dreams legs and leaned down, giving his testicles a few kitten licks while looking flirtatiously up at him. This excited Dream so much that he reached out, grasping onto George’s hips.

“R-Ride me, whore” Dream groaned out as he bucked his hips excitedly.

“You better enjoy this because it’s the last time you’ll ever get to fuck me.” George thought smugly as he mounted himself on Dream’s slick cock.

He sat on the hardened member for a minute, allowing his body a chance to adjust to the intrusion. While he waited, his eyes flicked up to the shelf hanging above the luxurious bed. Up there were a few books, pens, and a plant in a blue porcelain vase.

His attention was brought back upon Dream as the male began to grope at his ass.

George began to bounce up and down on the long and girthy rod as the owner of it moaned in pure ecstasy. He wouldn’t last too much longer...

As Dream neared his orgasm, George looked longingly at the wide-open window as he let out a few moans himself. He had spent weeks longing for his freedom, and now that the opportunity presented itself, part of him was hesitant on leaving. Deep down, George enjoyed the depravity. He enjoyed being Dream’s pampered little puppy, and he enjoyed the admittedly kinky sex they had. Still, the much more dominant part of George’s mind argued that he didn’t and that the only reason he could even slightly enjoy this was from Dream’s conditioning. If he wanted to prevent himself from becoming a brain broken mutt, he had to act soon.

George let out a gasp as he felt Dream’s satisfied cock pump a generous amount of cum into him. Dream closed his eyes and threw his head back onto the pillow as rode out the high of his explosive orgasm.

It was time. Dream was now at his most weak and vulnerable, and he didn’t have much time.

As quietly as he could, George plucked the heavy vase off of the shelf, holding it as steadily as he could with his gloved hands, and slammed it as hard as he could onto his captor's head.

The vase shattered, shards embedding themselves into Dream's forehead. Dream's body went limp as he was knocked unconscious by the sudden blow to the skull.

George was panting and shaking like a leaf. He was still in utter disbelief of what he had just done, but he didn't have time to relish in his success.

It was time to run...

## Chapter End Notes

Damn, I wasn't even going to update this today, but I figured 'what the hell'. I couldn't leave you guys on a cliffhanger for long!

...although I left you on a cliffhanger in this chapter as well...haha.



# Run Goggy Run!

## Chapter Summary

Dream's puppy gets a little adventurous during the night.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Although George had not walked in weeks, it felt like it had been years.

As he slowly stood up, his legs began to wobble, his unsteadiness due in part to his leg weakness, but also his shot up nerves. He held onto the bed for support in case he fell.

George could swear he could hear the choir above sing as was fully stood up on his own two feet again. Tears of happiness welled up in his eyes as he put one foot in front of the other, which carried him forward.

Yes, his posture resembled that of a baby deer, but it was better than being stuck on his hands and knees and forced to crawl.

His eyes wandered to the open window, which to him looked like the golden gates leading to heaven.

Although it was a rather warm spring night, George's practically naked body felt cold against the night air as he practically flung himself from the bedroom window. Although the falling distance was only about 5 feet, it was heavily taxing on George's weakened joints. He fell to his knees, grunting in pain, but only for a moment.

The adrenaline and having his freedom on the line was enough to make him fight through any of the pain he was currently feeling.

As he ungraciously hoisted himself up once more, scurrying to the first somewhat open forest trail that he saw.

It was a gamble and arguably stupid to run into the pitch-black forest at such an hour when the treacherous night creatures were roaming about. He didn't even have a shield to defend himself. George's nakedness only heightened his feelings of exposure and vulnerability.

Around him was the haunting ambiance of the night; The groan of zombies, the clicking of bones from skeletons, and the howls of the lone wolves. All of the sounds were merely a blur as the horrifying thought of Dream recapturing him dominated his mind.

As he ran, the soles of his feet began to ache and bleed as thorns, small rocks, and other earthly substances were embedded into his feet. He was blinded as low hanging tree branches slapped against his face and eyes.

Millions of thoughts raced across his mind

"Where am I?"

“Where am I going?”

“Where’s Bad? How am I going to save him?”

“What if he catches me?”

“Am I going to die tonight?”

His train of thought was interrupted as he saw the soft faint glow of a single lantern up ahead. He began to slow down, walking towards the light that glowed like a beacon in the night.

As he cautiously approached the light, more of its surrounding came into view. He could see a single rotting tent, a tiny still pond that reflected the soft glow of the waning moon and lantern. He seemed like a small campsite and an abandoned one at that.

George had no idea when he would escape the woods or when he would find clean water again, so he quickly slurped down the pond water. Unfortunately, his hands were still bound in the leather sheaths, so he was forced to drink the water like a dog. He was able to drink effectively, as he had long grown accustomed to drinking without using his hands.

As he greedily drank the water, his eyes wandered to the tent. He wondered if anyone was anything useful left behind within it, like food, resources, or maybe even something he could use to cut those damned gloves off.

George lifted his mouth from the pond, water dripping down his chin as he walked towards the tent.

Before George was even able to unzip the tent, he felt a stick underneath his foot.

He almost fell onto his face and nearly let out a scream as his ankle was squeezed painfully tight.

When he looked behind him, he found his leg right entangled in a wire snare trap.

George began to panic, roughly pulling, thrashing, and twisting his leg, trying to get it loose, but this only drove the wire deeper into his sensitive flesh.

“HELP!” George screamed as the wire bit at his flesh

“PLEASE HELP, SOMEBODY!”

George was trying to get the attention of somebody, anybody who would be willing to help. He screamed for what seemed like an eternity until his tortured throat finally gave out.

By then, his left leg had given out, sending George face-first into the dirt, his right leg painfully suspended in the air. He didn’t even try to get back up. Instead, George buried his face in his gloved hands and began to let out agonizing sobs. It was pointless. There was no sane person around to hear his screams for miles.

This was it. His final night alive. If the Night Creatures didn’t kill him, then Dream certainly would when he found him. Even if Dream or the monsters didn’t find him, he would certainly die from exposure, dehydration, or something like that.

Yes, he was crying for himself and his thwarted plan for escape, but mostly he was crying for his dear friends.

He had promised Bad that he would escape, and lift him from hell as well. Not only had George

damned himself, but he also damned his sweet, innocent friend to a lifetime of humiliation and debauchery. When he found out about George's death, it would certainly shatter his already corrupted mind and any spirit he may have had left.

He thought of Sapnap as well, his face blurry in his mind. He cried at the possibility that he may have already died; Maybe that's why he hadn't come to save him yet...Maybe he had died while looking for him. The Tundra was a pretty dangerous place after all with its bitter cold, aggressive wolves, and thick woods, unforgiving woods.

He cried harder at the thought of his best friend dying because of him plagued his mind.

George was buried so deep in his grief and self-loathing that he didn't even stop his hideous sobbing when he heard the sound of crunching leaves and snapping sticks from behind him.

George didn't even scream or struggle. He merely buried his face deeper in his hands and braced himself for the merciful release of death as the heavy footsteps grew closer.

## Chapter End Notes

I'll be real honest guys. I'm really conflicted on how to end this. I've been pondering this for several days now and I think I have a solution.

Would you guys be open to this story having several endings or just one concrete ending? I'm perfectly fine with either, but I want your opinion.

# Breaking Him Softly

## Chapter Summary

Dream loves his puppy!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George squeezed his teary eyes shut, as he waited for the expected blow, stab, or neck snap. After waiting for several agonizing minutes, he hesitantly took his face out of his hands, working up the courage to face his master.

In the dark, George couldn't read his facial expression, but his stern silence and posture were enough to make him shrink back down into the dirt. He flinched at Dream's sudden movement and braced himself for the pain, but it never came.

Instead, he felt skillful hands on his ankle, tinkering with the taut snare. After a few minutes, George heard a small click and the tension around the noose loosen. The steel noose was quickly pulled off of his swollen and irritated ankle, making George sigh slightly in relief.

His relief was short-lived however as he felt Dream pick him up and throw him over his shoulders. Normally, George would fight, kick, spit, and holler, but this time, he remained limp, drained all his strength and spirit.

Dream pointed a flashlight forward his free hand, illuminating the trail in front of him as he walked steadfastly. He slowed down ever so slightly when he felt the moist sensation of tears stain his shirt. He also heard the sound of soft, pitiful sobbing.

-----  
When they arrived home, Dream took his escaped pet straight to the bathroom, set him on the edge of the tub, and began to fill it with warm water.

As he waited for the tub to fill up, Dream got out the first aid kit and began to tend to George's wounds.

George flinched when Dream began to pick out the embedded thorns and rocks from his feet and body, the irritated flesh bleeding every time Dream pulled one out. George let out a loud hiss of pain when Dream began to dab the wounds with rubbing alcohol and began squeezing the corners of the counter.

Tears ran down George's cheeks as Dream began to rub the deep, bleeding cut around his ankle. He bit his lip and squeezed his eyes shut, trying to endure the fire like burning.

George thought he was hallucinating when he felt a hand gently wrap around his and begin to gently stroke it. George was baffled at Dream's sudden affection. He could see the cuts and bruises left on his forehead from the vase. Surely he remembered that. Surely he was fuming about his puppy suddenly attacking him. Surely he wanted to beat him to a bloody pulp for that.

But he didn't...

Instead, he finished up cleaning his injuries, and then gently lowered him into the warm bath. Instead of using the brush to clean him, Dream opted to just use the rag, as not to irate George's wounds further.

George began to relax slightly as Dream massaged his scalp with shampoo and conditioner, his hair having all of the dirt and grime expelled from it. By the time Dream had fully rinsed all the product from his pet's hair, the tub began to cloud with filth.

Dream pulled the plug, letting the water drain before wrapping a large fluffy towel around his pet and hoisting him out of the tub, and carrying him to his bedroom.

As George was set on the edge of the bed, Dream retrieved a roll of gauze bandages and began to wrap it around George's injured ankle.

When he finished wrapping the wound, Dream placed a tender, loving kiss on it.

"You worried me sick, Darling."

George was still absolutely bewildered by what was happening. If Dream didn't kill him on the spot, he was surely expecting him to savagely beat or punish him, but this was quite the opposite. He was being tender and caring, despite everything George had done. He was even...worried about him.

"That was a very naughty thing to do, Georgie." Dream scolded.

George kept his eyes to the ground before he quietly spoke.

"I'm sorry master."

"I know you are, honey, but you still need to be punished." Dream sternly said before reaching into a dresser and pulling out a paddle.

As he sat down on the bed, he pulled George across his lap. Although George certainly wasn't looking forward to another spanking, it was certainly better than what he thought would happen to him.

"I'm going to give you fifty swats, and I want you to count after each one followed by 'Master', understand?"

George gave a slight nod to show that he understood.

WHACK

George let out a shrill cry as the first strike landed on his left buttock. Despite the pain and shock, George remembered what Dream expected him to do.

"One, Master." George mumbled, his face twisted with humiliation and pain.

WHACK

"T-Two, Master."

By the thirtieth swat, George's cheeks were glowing a bright red, and he was wincing in pain and discomfort. Dream placed the paddle to the side, giving George's a brief break before continuing,

taking the time to knead at his reddening flesh. When George felt Dream pick up the paddle once more, he finally began to plead for mercy.

“D-Dream, please stop! I’m s-sorry, I truly am! I won’t ever disobey you ever again!”

Dream pet his puppy’s still damp hair in an attempt to comfort him.

“Sssh, I know you are baby and I forgive you, but you were still very naughty tonight and we have to finish your punishment.”

“P-Please...”

“Don’t worry baby, we’re more than halfway finished.”

WHACK

After each blow, George’s voice got noticeably higher, and his words became more jumbled and difficult to understand.

Although Dream felt terrible about smacking his adorable puppy, he got some kind of guilty pleasure from it.

Dream felt his crotch buzz with arousal as he watched George’s reddening ass jiggle slightly with each swing of the paddle. Hearing George whimper ‘Master’ after he counted each spank also made his dick twitch.

By the time they reached hit number forty-five, tears had begun to stream down George’s face as he whimpered and writhed in pain. His voice nearly gave out as he squeaked out the final five spanks.

WHACK

“F-Forty six, M-Master!”

WHACK

F-For-ty-sev-en, Master!”

WHACK

“F-Foor-tee-eehight, M-Mah-ster.

WHACK

“F-For-or-ty-n-nine, Mah-st-er-er.”

WHACK

It was the loudest and most painful smack yet

“F-FIFTY, MASTER!” George practically screamed out as the spanking mercifully concluded.

Dream set the paddle back into the dresser and cradled his blubbering puppy. George nuzzled into Dream’s chest, staining his shirt with tears and snot as he sobbed. His ass was on fire and he would definitely be feeling the burn for a while.

“Sssh, it’s ok Georgie. You took your punishment very well.”

Dream beamed as his once extremely strong-willed, proud, and defiant pet was finally showing real signs of finally breaking. He had partially known that his earlier submission was simply just a ploy, although he had never expected George to physically attack him like that. He was going to give George a much harsher punishment but quickly realized that George had only lashed out because he was scared.

After owning him for a while now, Dream realized George wasn’t going to break under intimidation and brutal punishment, for he would only grow more defiant and fuel his hunger for rebellion. Instead, he needed to be pampered and groomed into submission.

He gently laid George on the bed, before retrieving a pair of fuzzy handcuffs and a blindfold. He could see a look of panic spread around George’s face as his hands were restrained above his head.

“It’s ok, baby. I’m not going to hurt you. I promise you’ll enjoy this.” Dream said before tying the blindfold around his head.

Now that he was blindfolded, all of George’s senses were heightened as his vision was taken away. He could hear what sounded like Dream rummaging through a drawer, and taking out something heavy. He flinched when felt Dream press something large and round on the tip of his cock.

He let out a loud gasp as the thing began to vibrate slow, but hard. He began to harden up as soon as the vibrating wand began teasing the most sensitive part of his penis. When his penis was standing tall and proud, Dream upped the intensity of the vibrator, making George squirm and buck his hips.

“Oooh~ Aaahh~” George moaned out, as the immense pleasure distracted him from the burning pain in his rear.

“I love hearing those whorish moans from you~” Dream teasingly said as he continued to up the intensity.

George’s moans grew louder and his breathing sped up. He was practically screaming with pleasure as Dream bumped the vibrations up to the highest setting.

He was seconds away from cumming, when Dream pulled the heavenly vibrator away.

George immediately began to whine and beg for him to put it back.

“M-Master, please...need to cum!”

“I know you do. You want a lot of things, I’m sure. You would love to be spoiled, pampered, and treated like a slut for the rest of your days.”

Dream pressed the vibrator back on George’s tip, making George scream with pleasure once again as his orgasm quickly approached.

“Oh, my dear Georgie, if you just submit, I’ll make you so happy each and every day. All you have to do is behave and I’ll give you all you desire.”

As George’s explosive orgasm hit him, something in the far fallen hunter finally broke, as his mind snapped in just the right way.

As the cum dribbled out of his cock, George threw his head back and stuck his tongue out, panting

like the puppy slut he knew he was.

“I love you, Master...”

## Chapter End Notes

I am planning on writing two more endings, although I think I'll consider this one to be the main ending (And there will be a part 2 to it.)

Anyway, a couple of people have recently made fan art relating to this story, and I really want to say that I am truly honored and grateful for this! Nothing makes me happier than looking at the fanart for my fic!

Once again, I want to give a huge thank you to all you talented artists!



# Broken Softly

## Chapter Summary

Georgie loves his master!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The dignified hunter, once known as George, no longer existed. In his place was a shameless obedient puppy slut with a deeply rooted craving for cock.

It had been months now since George's stubborn mind had finally broken. He had become quite the impressive slave, skillful with his tongue, the art of sex, and was amazing to play with.

Dream had been in the slave-trading business for years now, and he had never seen a slave even comparable to his Georgie. Georgie was Dream's pride and joy; He was so proud of him in fact that he decided to enroll him in the annual dog show.

They had about two months to prepare. Most of the time was spent teaching George how to crawl with his feet in the air. George spent at least 30 minutes of everyday training to perfect his puppy crawl. By the end of the month, George had mastered it. Dream was so pleased with his puppy's progress that he fucked George for hours until his high libido was satisfied.

Skeppy had also enrolled his puppy in the show, but he was having a difficult time training for it, as Bad was still not fully broken. He had asked Dream for help on how to tame his demon doggy once and for all. They figured that perhaps George could show Bad how good it was to be a shameless whore.

When Skeppy brought his pet over that day, Bad was initially distraught and disgusted overseeing George in his shameless, mind broken state, even wailing as he asked "Why?" over and over again.

George, noticing that his friend was in pain, decided that he was going to make him feel better; He would give him a taste of the high life.

He started with George seductively licking Bad's sensitive horns and ended with the demon filling his slutty friend with his seed. His eyes rolled to the back of his head and his tongue was hanging out of his mouth as the demon's mind was finally broken as well.

-----

To Dream's surprise, he and his beloved puppy had actually managed to take first place. Dream's eyes widened in surprise while George woofed in excitement.

As they made their way to the center of the underground arena to collect their prize, many cheered and hooted at the famous slave trader and his puppy. George was mesmerized by the tall, golden trophy presented on the podium, as his master was handed a microphone to give the acceptance speech.

"Good evening, Ladies and gentlemen. I am honored and thrilled to accept the first place trophy

for the Twelfth Annual Dog Show. When you look at my beloved pet, Georgie, it may be hard to believe that not even 5 months ago, he was quite the unruly, rebellious slave.”

The crowd murmured in surprise before Dream carried on.

“He was truly one of the worst behaved slaves I’d ever seen. He bit, spit, and gave me a lot of back sass.”

George blushed in embarrassment as he reflected how much of a troublemaker he once was.

“But through lots of training, tough love, and stern discipline, Georgie soon blossomed into one of the finest, most obedient horny sluts I’ve ever met.” Dream confidently announced as he pet George on the head, the puppy melting into his master’s tender touch.

“I’d like George to be an example to Owners everywhere. Know that no matter how snotty, rebellious, or strong-willed they may seem, just know that any slave can be broken.”

-----

The tall first place trophy stood atop the stunning bookcase in Dream’s room. Dream admired it as he plowed his enthusiastic puppy from behind. George had a look of pure ecstasy on his face as he moaned and groaned at having his sensitive prostate ground against.

Dream had decided to give George a nice long, girthy reward for winning the dog show. George let out slutty moans as well as an occasional woof as his master fucked him.

George let out a long, low howl as his orgasm finally hit and he felt Dream fill him to the brim with his delicious seed.

-----

By the time the two had freshened up from their ‘breeding’ session, it was nearly 1 in the morning, they were both thoroughly exhausted from the long and exciting day.

Dream smiled as George jumped onto the bed, holding Mr. Sheepy in his mouth.

Despite Dream having bought him plenty of new toys, Mr. Sheepy still remained George’s favorite.

George snuggled close against his master, still holding his beloved toy, giving it a few squeaks as he drifted off into a deep, peaceful sleep.

## Chapter End Notes

Ok, so this is the first of two endings. (I know I said three, but I've since changed my mind) I mostly wrote this to tie up a few loose ends and give a proper conclusion, so I apologize if it's a little short.

I may write a few small spinoff one-shots based on this ending since it's my favorite, so feel free to give ideas for them! I know you guys can awfully naughty with your ideas and I love reading them ;)



# The Inferno Heart

## Chapter Summary

Dream tried to be a good owner to his puppy...

(The alternate ending to this story. This ending picks up after chapter 12.)

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George flinched in fear and pain as he felt snare roughly torn from his leg. He didn't even have time to register the pain of his ripped flesh as he was thrown over Dream's shoulder with little regard for his safety or comfort.

As he was carried back to the fugitive's cabin, George put his gloved hands together and silently prayed to whatever God would listen.

-----

The house practically shook as Dream slammed the front door shut and locked it. He threw his quivering pet onto the hardwood floor. George moaned in pain as his head cracked against the hard surface, making his head spin.

He felt weight on his hips, as Dream pinned him down. George raised his hands in a pitiful attempt to defend himself, but Dream quickly pushed his shaking hands to the ground.

George's ears rang as his cruel master gave him a hard blow in the side of his jaw. The taste of metallic blood filled his mouth as one of his canine teeth were knocked out of his skull.

George was in so much pain that he couldn't even feel the slight pinch of a needle sliding into his neck before he passed out.

-----

As George awoke, he immediately began crying as he felt sharp, fiery pain in his knees. He nearly screamed when he felt something caress his face.

"Wakey wakey, Georgie. Master's got a big surprise for you!" Dream said in a sickly sweet voice as he sat on the side of the bed.

George let out a choked sob in response.

"Awww. Now, tell me what you're crying about, pup?"

"I-It....it...HURTS!"

"Well, beauty is pain, my love." Dream simply said, before ripping the covers off the bed, revealing what he had done to his poor puppy.

George's eyes widened in horror and as he noticed the bloody gauze bandages binding his knees. His legs no longer extended past his knees.

"Now you're not going anywhere." Dream said with a sadistic smile, caressing George's milky thighs.

George began to scream. He screamed for a long time, as he was horrified by the mutilation that had been done to him.

When George eventually stopped his screaming and wailing, he slumped down into the bed, his eyes wide with horror, and drenched with sweat.

Dream continued to smile at the newly disabled pet, cradling his chin in his palm before planting a kiss on his tear-soaked cheek.

George couldn't even fight back as he leaned over the bed and vomited on the carpet.

---

After three months, George's wounds had fully healed. Although it was especially difficult for George to come to terms with the fact that he would never walk again, his fiery spirit surprisingly still prevailed. The bruises, welts, and scars on the boy's body were hard evidence of his unbroken mental state.

Even with his amputated legs, he clung to the hope of escape. Even though he had not heard from his friend in months, he still clung to the hope of rescue. This bewildered Dream. He had put his slave through the wringer so many times and yet, he was still as rebellious as ever.

George grit his teeth in pain as Dream whipped his bare ass for disobeying an order once again. Yes, it hurt like a bitch, but it was practically routine for the rebellious slave. As the strikes continued, George began to think of Bad.

He often worried if Bad had been broken yet. He knew how fragile his friend could be but still hoped that he was remaining strong. Hope was all he had in a world where everything had been stripped from him.

---

George absent-mindedly chewed on Mr. Sheepy as he daydreamed of escape, as he often did. He was pulled out of his fantasy land when he heard the front door open.

Dream greeted a man with green eyes, and brown hair, shaking his hand as he welcomed him in.

"Hello, Mr. Duck." Dream said politely as he guided the man to the kitchen table.

"You're the famous Dream, I suppose?"

George tilted his head. The man Dream was talking to sounded...familiar

"I've heard all about you. I've been very personally involved with your 'business' for a while now."

Dream smiled as the two sat down. The man pulled a bottle out of his satchel.

"May I offer you a drink. It's a wine infused with a potion of health and strength." The explained with a friendly smile.

“Good, so he can beat and fuck me harder later.” George thought angrily as he watched Dream retrieve two gold wine glasses. Mr. Duck generously filled both of their glasses.

“So, you wanted to talk about me personally capturing a slave for you?” Dream said as he took a large gulp of his wine.

“Yes, I wanted a nice fresh slave. All the ones on the market right now are too banged up for me.”

Dream nodded his head in understanding.

“Yeah, yeah, I get it. People damage these slaves before evening selling them. Completely ruin them in my opinion.”

“Is that why you cut off my fucking legs, you psycho?” George thought bitterly as he continued to eavesdrop on the conversation from the other room.

“Before we continue any further, would you mind if I asked you a question?”

“Shoot.”

Mr. Duck's face twisted into a cruel smile.

“Are you usually this fucking stupid?”

Before Dream could reply to the insult, Mr. Duck's flesh and hair darkened into a rich black, and his green pupils disappeared, leaving only pale, glowing eyes. Dream fell out of his chair as two sharp horns burst out of each side of his head, and two bat-like wings protruded from his back.

The commotion causes George to quickly crawl to the kitchen.

He couldn't believe what he was seeing.

In the kitchen was Bad, his magic restored and his wings unbound. He looked more powerful and intimidating as ever, clearly hardened by his time spent as a slave.

Dream's face hardened as he realized that he had been tricked.

“You're that fucking demon slave! You got away from your master, didn't you?! You stupid slut!”

Bad's pale eyes glowed in anger.

“You can call me a slave all you want, but you're the one enslaved by your own sexual and debaucherous desires!”

Dream's nostrils flared as he spat at the demon's face.

“Go back to hell where you belong!”

Bad let out a devious chuckle.

“Oh no no, I won't be going there....”

Bad stepped closer to the man, their noses nearly touching.

“...But you will.”

In one quick motion, Dream's neck was gaping open and oozing blood as Bad's sharp horns cut

through the skin. His body dropped to the hard floor with a loud thud. In the slave trader's final moments before death, he turned to his puppy, who was standing at the edge of the room, paralyzed and shaking from utter shock. Dream reached out to George, and let out a few low gurgles before succumbing to his slit throat. His eyes went glassy as the cruel man let out his final breath.

---

It had been several months since George was liberated from the bonds of slavery.

After a tearful reunion with all his friends, they all began to piece together what had happened, each explaining their side of the story.

Sapnap had found Bad while looking for shelter during a storm. After knocking on the door several times with no answer, Sapnap assumed that the cabin had been abandoned, so he broke in.

To his surprise, he found one of his missing friends, blindfolded, gagged, and bound with a vibrator stuck deep in his ass. Bad was whining through the gag from overstimulation and humiliation. When the blindfold was taken off, Bad stared at his friend, believing that he was simply dreaming. He burst into tears of happiness when he realized that it was all real and that he had been saved from his seemingly unending nightmare.

Once Bad was free from the magic nullifying gloves and his wings were unbound, all that was left to do was to regain the strength in his legs, as they had begun to atrophy from lack of use. For about a week, he had to walk with the help of a wooden cane.

Together, the two continued their search for George, until one day, Bad stumbled upon a familiar cabin.

To trick the fugitive, Bad used his ability to shapeshift into a human.

As Bad had carried George out of the hellish cabin, Sapnap let out a wild sob as he noticed his friend's missing legs, guilt weighing heavy on his heart as he blamed himself for being too late.

George didn't even care about his missing legs as he clung tightly to his friends, never wanting to let them go again.

---

George's eyes were cast upon the night sky, admiring the beauty of the full moon as he sat on the front porch of his home. His tongue slipped in and out of the space where his left canine tooth once was.

He let out a sigh as he looked down at his wooden prosthetic legs. After spending months in a wheelchair, an old friend of his, Antfrost, had surprised him with two beautifully handcrafted wooden prosthetics.

The feeling of being able to walk again was heavenly... It was an even bigger surprise for his housemates, Bad even breaking a glass in shock upon seeing George walk again.

Although it had been over a year since their escape from slavery, the traumatic events still weight heavily on Bad and George's minds. They still suffered from occasional nightmares, flashbacks, and panic attacks.

George was currently writing a book about his experience to bring awareness to the secret ongoing slave trade and to warn others about the dangers of wandering alone in the woods. Although it hurt

to recount those painful times, if he could save even one person from that life of misery, then it would all be worth it.

George picked up the pen and paper and continued writing his draft for the memoir.

He wept as he wrote.

## Chapter End Notes

WHEW! Finally finished with this. Boy, has it been a ride...

I'd like to thank each and every one of you for your wonderful support and ideas that helped me write this story. I couldn't have done it without you. I never thought that this fic would get this much attention and support, but I am extremely grateful for it all. Once again, I thank you all.

I know it may be disappointing to see this fic coming to an end (Hell, I'm a little sad ending it), but need not fear! I have a new and exciting project currently in the making so keep an eye out...

## End Notes

Drop some ideas of what Dream should do to his new puppy! His fate is in your hands. I'm open to almost anything.

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